

The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die be brieft:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widdow yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I
Then, being but moiety of my selfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for my fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmooand,
Your widdowes dolours likewise be vnwept,

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the watry moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Ambo.

Of Richard the Third.

Ambo. Oh for our father for our deare Lord *Clarence*

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*

Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and is he gone?

Ambo. What stay had we but *Clarence*, and is he gone?

Dut. What stay had I but they and they are gone?

Qu. Was euer widow, had so deare a losse:

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had so deere a losse?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse

Alas I am the mother of these moanes,

Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:

She for *Edward* weepes, and so do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she:

These babes for *Clarence* weepe and so do I:

I for an *Edward* weepe, and so doe they,

Alas, you three on me three-fould distrest,

Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glo.*

Glo. Maddam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause with

To waile the dimming of our shining starre:

But none can cure their harines by wailing them.

Maddam my mother I doe cry you mercy,

I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee

I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenesse in thy mi

Loue, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me to die a good old man:

Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing,

I maruaile why her grace did leaue it out?

Buc. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peares

That beare this mutuall heauy load of moane,

Now cheare each others in each others loue:

Though we haue spent our harvest for this King,

We are to reape the harvest of his sonne:

The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,

But lastly splinted, knit, and ioyn'd together,

Must greatly be prefer'd, cherish'd, and kept,

Me seemeth good that with some little traine,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht

Hither to London to be croud our King.

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